

AT THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

GIRL SHOWS ON BROADWAY-THREE ROOF GARDENS OPEN.

A Series of Daily Love Stories Each Complete in One Instalment Will Begin on This Page Monday.

VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANO.

By the Famous Russian Novelist, D. L. Mordovtseff.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Cratilla, daughter of Zeno, the Greek sculptor, is sold as a slave in Pompell, whither her father had some time before been sent into slavery. She is bought by Malvia, daughter of the rich Diomed. Diomed as two sons, Quint and Curtius, who have secretly embraced Christianity. Quint loves Cratilla. Zeno has escaped and is hidden by his fellow-Christians. The sons of Diomed attend a secret meeting of the Christians. Rumblings and earthquakes prove that Mount Vesuvius is uneasy. Pausa, the chief magistrate of Pompeli, promises that some Christians shall be captured and thrown to the llons on the forthcoming feast day. Quint and Cratilla are restored to each other. The soldiers attack the Christians. A centuring sizes Cratilla. Quint stabs him. Zeno is charged with the murder. Quint offers to confess to save Cratilla's father. This the girl will not allow. Malvia finds the lovers conversing. Cratilla, to save her father, tells the authorities she killed the centurion. Quint also confesses. The girl and quint are doomed ted die in the areas. Attent, had of the Caristians, is also confesses. The girl and quint also confesses. The girl and quint are doomed ted die in the areas. Attent, had of the Caristians, is also confessed.

Making their way toward the mansion, when suddenly they came upon the figure of a man, who stag gered and moaned plaintively:

"Oh, my daughter! Oh, my Aspasia!"

Pomponianus recognized the voice.

"Zeno!" he exclaimed.

"Almighty God! Are you not Pomponianus, our honorable defender?"

"Yes, good Zeno! What's the matter with you."

Zeno the sculptor was apparently staggering. His face was blood-stained. On his head was a large white pillow, which protected his head from the rain of ashes.

"Where is my child? Where is my wife, whom you, oh, noble orator, saved from death? Oh, Lord! I looked as the content of the authorities she killed the caristians, is also confesses. The girl and quint are doomed ted die in the areas. Attent, head of the Caristians, is also co

CHAPTER XVIII. Pliny's Peril.

- HE elder Pliny and his cousin were in Misenum on the day of the fearful eruption. Returning home from the seashore, Pliny took a cold bath went into his library. No sooner did he make two or three notes in one of his scrolls than the curtain was carefully pushed aside and some one said: 'Pliny, have you noticed what is going on in Pom

"What is it, sister?" asked the scientist with grow-"An enormous cloud is rising from Vesuvius, though

the sky is clear and the weather is so calm."
"I must go—I must study this astonishing phenomenon of nature," said the scientist excitedly. the Scythian to have the four-oared boat ready immediately," he added to his cousin. "I shall go to

"But it is dangerous, uncle," said the youth. "You canont attain anything without a risk. My days on earth are numbered, and the gods have never offered me such an opportunity as this. I am

A few moments later Pliny the elder was bound for Pompeli. His cousin remained in Misenum. Within several minutes Pliny's boat reached the shore near the mansion of Pomponianus.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pliny Explains.

OW the terror is over for a while," said Pliny to Pomponianus, after an exchange of greetings. "How so?" wondered Pomponianus. "And this infernal darkness?"

"It will disperse, together with the smoke." "And thouse creeping fires on the mountain-those purple streams?

"Those are simply burning huts and houses. But the principal thing is over-the angry captive broke

the prison and escaped—now he is harmless." The explosion and the fountain of fire rising to the sky," went on Plmy, "denoted the moment of Vapor's deliverance. Now he is not terrible any longer."

making their way toward the mansion, when sud-

can demand.

Said Crattila are thrown to the lions. At that moment is breaks forth in cruption. In the confusion the viscous to the amphitheatre to see that terrible spectacle.

Oh!" Zeno exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I was there, too. Do you see the blood upon my face? That to the amphitheatre to see that terrible spectacle. is from the rain of stones. My head was bleeding. Oh, great God!" cried Zeno, wringing his hands. "They have all perished. When the lightnings flashed I could see scores of corpses, covered with ashes and stones, on the streets of Pompell. Perhaps they are also among those corpses. Oh, God!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Fate of the Fugitives.

He was inconsolable.

EANWHILE Vesuvius resumed its work of destruction. The city of Pompeli was being deserted. The lightnings flashed upon the ruins of temples and statues and upon corpses half covered with ashes and stones. The thunder peals and shocks became ever more frequent. To seek shelter in the houses or temples was impossible now. There was no refuge anywhere, for the burning ashes and stones and the boiling water thrown up by Vesuvius overtook even those that turned to the sea in the hope of saving Now the fatal mountain hurled from its crater mas-

sive blocks of rock which wrought terror and deso-lation wherever they landed. Suddenly the clouds were thrust asunder and purple figures of monsters seemed to wrestle one another above the crater of Vesuvius, and with a deafening underground crash, the sea and the shore, together with Vesuvius, shuddered convulsively. Then the sea rose to an extraordinary height and fell upon the shore of the unfortunate city. Vesuvius was now all wrapped in a purple flame. Suddenly the mountain, just above the Cave of the Cyclops, burst asunder, as though open-ing its flery mouth, and an ocean of fire, an ocean of burning lava, came down with a rattling noise and clashed with the sea just above the space occupied by Herculaneum and the northern part of Pompeil. Vulcan came out victorious. Neptune was thrown back from the buried city. The air became somewhat calmer. The rain of

ashes and stones stopped.

them. Their faces were pale and thin, fatigue and exhaustion were perceptible in all their movements. Cratilla, whose eyes bespoke intense suffering, was now leaning on Quint's arm, while Kurtsius supported Aspasia. Just opposite the mansion of Pomponianus, near the

walked silently along the shore in search of shelter. The terrible day and night wrought a great change in

seashore, the fugitives noticed a certain shapeless mass of ashes. Somehow or other it appeared to Quint

"Quint! worthy Quint!" cried Pomponianus. At this moment Cratilla uttered a shout of joy and rushed into her father's embrace. Zeno had passed the terrible night in the company of Pomponianus and Pliny, but before dawn, during one of the most terrific eruptions, Pliny fell to the ground and died, suffocated by the sulphurous fumes which filled the air. Pomponianus and Zeno managed to escape death by setting out far into the sea, where the burning ashes did not reach them.

An impenetrable darkness again wrapped the earth and the sea, and only the crater of Vesuvius, vomiting volumes of fire lighted the way for the fleeing

"Oh, eternal Gods!" exclaimed Pomponianus. "When will your wrath calm down, when will your thunder-

ings become silent?

All were silent. Motionless, petrified with terror they stared back at the flery cone of the mountain, which resumed its destructive work with renewed force, covering with ashes and stones the cities where but a day ago pleasure and happiness and

"And how is your father?" Pomponianus suddenly "Alas! He is no longer among the living." re

"Oh, merciless Gods! He is dead! And your moth-Your sister?"

"Alas! There where they lived, there is now a arge heap of congealed lava. The mountains have fallen on our earthly happiness, and the streams of fire have swept away all that was dearest to us on earth."

Pomponianus recalled the words of John the Judean Another terrible day and still more terrible night went by.

Vesuvius became tired, at last! Its ashes, scattered by the wind, fell on the ruins of Carthage, on the ops of Numidia's palm-trees, on the pyramids of Egypt, and on the shores of Syria and Palestine But even Vesuvius became tired!

Is it necessary to add that Quint and Cratilla wer never parted again after the destruction of Pompeli? At last it began to dawn. The first morning after the destruction of Pompell, Herculaneum and Stabiae, where he builed himself himself beart, went off to Rome, where he buried himself in the catacombs.

JUST WHAT ENGLAND'S KING CAN AND CANNOT DO.

BUT DOES NOT GOVERN.

Under the splendid and unwritten constitution of Great Britain and Ireland, the King may "command many things, yet he only governs through his Parliament," says the London Express, In others words, the people are consulted and the "commands" are then given.

What, then, is the royal prerogative? cise of royal clemency toward convicted Although the petitions for the pardon of a murderer are sent to Home Secretary, the King has absolute power to pardon the criminal. On the other hand, a statute passed in George III.'s reign makes it impossible for the King to pardon a man who has been convicted under the old statutes of Charles II. for keeping his shop open

By the ancient laws the King could sell his entire navy or declare war him self against any country. In these practical days, however, Parliament would have to vote the money for the war, so that a royal declaration would be of little use without the support of the Commons.

In regard to the army, the King can disband the army and dismiss any officer in either service at his own pleasure. Needless to say, the King would not do so without consulting the Ministers, but

AN AWKWARD HITCH. "Let's tie up here and take a little

siesta for an hour or two," said the emjnent French aeronaut.
"Very good," agreed his companion,

"but what are we to tie to?"
They were in midair, you see, and the plain all about looked like barren

stretches of undulating mist, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Here," said M. Santos. "Here is the

twisted tail of a cyclone. I think we can tie to this." So they tied up and had a high ball, and they leaned back and enjoyed a comfortable nap.

Suddenly they awoke. They were being yanked through the air at the rate of fifty miles a minute. It was awful.
"Wh-what's cut loose?" cried the com-

"I'm afraid," M. Santos mournfully remarked, "that by a strange mistake tied the balloon to the tip of the tail of a sleeping comet. Whew! Hold on to

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

several shelves are perforated with holes just the right size to hold pint and quart cans, top town. Practically the same result can be accomplished by hav ing a cleat one and one-half inohes high nalled along the back of the shelves. close against the wall. Lay the cans of their sides, with the bottom up on the cleat; of course the vacuum is at the raised end, and any leakage or fermentation at the lower end shows at

ONE USE OF KEROSENE. Kerosene may be safely used with polling water to whiten yellow clothes.



This elegant gown for early fall is built with a plaid skirt and a fancy blue cloth coat. The skirt is gored and every seam is covered with a band of blue cloth. It is cut on the blas and none of the gores match. It is made with a slip faced with a six-inch flounce bound with velveteen, and above the ruffle with ten inches of soft haircloth. The coat is built with circular bands, each one crossing the other at the front and rounded off at the corners. The vest and sleeves are In one well-equipped preserve closet of the plaid. The sleeves are tucked and ornamented with circular bands of blue.

A GOOD UMBRELLA STORY.

SECOND THIEF BEST OWNER. joyed to meet him. But just for the joke of it I rushed up behind him and slapped him hard on the back and cried: "A guilty conscience is its own ac-

"A guilty conscience is its own accuser." The Milwaukee Sentinel adds that other proverb, "Second thief best owner," and attests it with the following story about a Grand avenue merchant who was caught without an umbrella one day when a sudden rain came on.

"When I got over on East Water street," he easys, "I spied Dick, an old friend of mine. He was carrying a fine silk unbrella. That wasn't what I the merchant added, meditatively, "But I came by it honestly, didn't I?"

ents from his subjects. This rule, which appears to be rather MALARIAL NEW YORK.

out, is that the King can never directly communicate with his subjects unless

For Women Readers of The Evening World.



To cut this postillion basque in medium size 2 3-8 yards of material 44 inches wide or 1 7-8 yards 50 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 4143, sizes 22 to 44 HERALD SQ. THEA Last 7 Nights Mat. Tidly, bust) will be sent for 10 cents.

HERALD SQ. THEA Last 7 Nights Mat. Tidly, bust) will be sent for 10 cents. bust) will be sent for 10 cents.

hard at first, is really necessary in view

they are, of course, intimate friends, and all correspondence passes through the officers of the household.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



Let the weather clerk do his worst, Farolyn hree roof gardens will be in full blas Dudley after Monday night. Teddy Marks's American Theatre Garden will be the

Star Theatre

Louise

ions."

Another rule, which is strictly carried No More two or three times a day. Fifty | 25 | 61. Stock, Dally Sony, Mais for the control of the control of



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hard at first, is really necessary in view of the avalanches of costly presents which would be showered upon the King by persons with "social aspirations."

The subway is responsible for the prevalence of malaria at this time. Stagnant pools of water lie unmolested in the excavations, poisoning the atmosphere. As a safeguard and cure take Dr. Decker's Shake

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